

Vroom, Maltese

Sometimes i don't know why I'm always chasing
Fortune and fame and you, open your eyes
You'll see my disguise, you might find you have one too

I am not the one who believes in the tragedy of wrong or right
Just an empty day in the life of a man who's never won a fight

I know I'm alive for the first time in years
I can turn and face my fears
I hope that you will see your time will come and you'll find
From these bonds you've been set free

Don't look at me now I'm afraid to be understood by
Anyone everyone looks up to and respects
By the standards of the world
By the standards of the month

I can see how you can get away
You think that you will never be afraid
But if you're not sure
If you can live without your blanket
You wake up in the morning light
The sunlight hurts your blurry eyes
You're waiting for an overdue surprise
Don't ask why